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A

FEW THOUGHTS

FOR A

YOUNG MAN:

A LECTURE,

7589.34

DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, ON ITS 29TH ANNIVERSARY.

BY HORACE MANN,
THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF EDUCATION.

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MERCANTILE LIBRARY ROOMS,
BOSTON, Nov. 16th, 1849.

DEAR SIR, —

I have the pleasure of informing you that, at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library Association, held last evening, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Association be presented to the Hon. Horace Mann, for his valuable and instructive Address, delivered at the celebration of the twenty-ninth anniversary of this institution, and that a copy be requested for publication."

Hoping you will comply with the earnest solicitation of the Association,

I have the honor to be,
With sentiments of the highest respect,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. S. BLANCHARD,
Corresponding Secretary.

HON. HORACE MANN.

WEST NEWTON, Nov. 17th, 1849.

GEO. S. BLANCHARD, ESQ.,

Dear Sir, — The possibility that even *one* young man may be prompted to lead a higher and a truer life, by anything contained in the Lecture which you have asked for publication, induces me to comply with your request.

I have retained several paragraphs, in different places,

which, on account of the length of the Lecture, were omitted in the delivery.

Be pleased to accept the assurances of my deep interest in the personal welfare of yourself and your fellow-members, and in the prosperity of the noble institution you are so wisely cherishing.

HORACE MANN.

LECTURE.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen;

I feel a vivid and a peculiar pleasure in addressing the young gentlemen of this society. Enrolled among the members of the "Boston Mercantile Library Association," there are, at the present time, as I am informed, between eleven and twelve hundred clerks who belong to this city. If not, to-day, therefore, the most powerful, it is surely among the most potential organizations in this metropolis. Though the present influence of its members upon the character and fortunes of Boston may not be great, yet it *will* be great; nor will it require many years to unfold its powers. As the botanist or the anatomist foresees the gigantic proportions of the oak or the elephant, in the embryo germ which he dissects, so the moral seer can prophesy the energy and compass of this fraternity, from the numbers and the capacities of the ingenuous youth who compose it.

I feel a deep regard for this society, too, because the great majority of its members are now at the most intensely interesting period of their life. Their characters and habits are at that critical point, when, in the language of Dr. Paley, they are about to take "a holding turn." At least as early as the age of twenty-five in the city, though perhaps at a somewhat later age in the country, — for a city life hastens the development of mind, as a hot-house does of plants, — a young man generally has the great *objects* of his life pretty distinctly defined and mapped out. His *course* of life, or the means by which its chosen objects may be pursued, remain subject to change. But at these ages, in city and in country, the Star of Hope which rose with existence and has been steadily ascending and brightening in its course, like the star seen by the Eastern Magi, stops in mid heaven, and there, beneath its culminating point, the youthful devotee expects to find his Bethlehem and his salvation. It is a time, therefore, when every young man is adjured, by every motive that can operate upon a mortal or an immortal nature, to take an observation, and to see whether the star of his destiny is about to reach its zenith on the meridian of Nazareth or of Sodom.

There is still another circumstance which excites my sensibilities most strongly, and attaches me most tenderly to the members of this institution. Many of them are from the country, brought up under quiet roofs and in secluded vales, and watched over from their birth by parental eyes, only less sleepless than the eye of God. Into their hearts have daily fallen the grave inculcations of a father's wisdom and the more subtle and subduing influences of a mother's love; and there too, in sorrow and in joy, they have felt the balm and the thrill of those tender relations to a sister, which, through its affections and its forbearances, was designed by Heaven as a preparation and a prophecy of that holier relation, for which one shall forsake father and mother and brother *and* sister. Torn from the parental stock and transplanted to a city, who can describe the dangers that encompass a young man during the period of his moral acclimation? This suggests, indeed, the grand reflection with which every wise parent and every wise person looks upon youth:—However virtuous and exemplary a young man may have been, he is yet within peril of falling; and however vicious and abandoned he may have been, he is yet within hope of saving. And what renders this crisis at once so fearful and

so affecting, is the fact, that at the very next stage of life, the danger of falling will be substantially dispelled, or the hope of recovery will be fast turning to despair.

May I be permitted to add another consideration, — one of no general weight or significance, — but one which my heart prompts me to utter. From my earliest knowledge of this Association, I have felt the deepest interest in its prosperity. Though never a member of it, nor entitled to membership by my vocation, yet in several crises of its existence, I have had the honor of being invited to its counsels. Unable to bestow upon it either silver or gold, I have given it, freely and rejoicingly, all that I had, — my best counsels and efforts, — and in return, I have received the rich requital of its remembrance and its courtesies.

Under these circumstances, I hope not to seem presumptuous, if I venture to speak to you, on this occasion of your anniversary, and in this introductory lecture of your course, with the affection and with the plainness of an older brother; and, instead of selecting any subject better fitted to display the beauties of literature, or the wonders of science, if I submit to you, A FEW THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN WHEN ENTERING UPON LIFE. Some of my remarks will have

a more special reference to the young men of a mercantile community.

I begin with the postulate, that it is the law of our nature to desire happiness. This law is not local, but universal; not temporary, but eternal. It is not a law to be proved by exceptions, for it knows no exception. The savage and the martyr welcome fierce pains, not because they love pain; but because they love some expected remuneration of happiness so well, that they are willing to purchase it at the price of the pain; — at the price of imprisonment, torture, or death. The young desire happiness more keenly than any others. This desire is innate, spontaneous, exuberant; and nothing but repeated and repeated overflows of the lava of disappointment can burn or bury it in their breasts. On this law of our nature, then, we may stand as on an immovable foundation of truth. Whatever fortune may befall our argument, our premises are secure. The conscious desire of happiness is active in all men. Its objects are easily conceivable by all men. But, alas! towards what different points of the moral compass do men look for these objects, and expect to find them! Some look for happiness above, and some below; some in the grandeur of the soul, and some in the grossness of the sense; some in the

heaven of purity, and some in the hell of licentiousness. Wherever it is looked for, the imagination adorns it with all its glowing colors. Multitudes of those who seek for happiness will not obtain the object of their search, because they seek it amiss. Deceived by false ideas of its nature, other multitudes, who obtain the object of their search, will find it to be sorrow and not joy, — Dead-Sea apples, and not celestial fruits.

Whether a young man shall reap pleasure or pain from winning the objects of his choice, depends, not only upon his wisdom or folly in selecting those objects, but upon the right or wrong methods by which he pursues them. Hence, a knowledge what to select and how to pursue, is as necessary to the highest happiness as virtue herself. Virtue is an angel, but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge, on the other hand, like a Swiss mercenary, is ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banners of righteousness; ready to forge cannon-balls or to print New Testaments; to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary's ship.

But however energetic and vast the desires of happiness may be, — swelling in millions of

hearts, growing on enjoyment, and growing still more on disappointment, — nothing is more certain than that the range and possibility of happiness, which God has provided, and placed within arm's length of us all, is still vaster than the desire of it, in any and in all of His creatures. We are finite, and can receive only in finite quantities; He is infinite, and gives in infinite quantities. Look outwardly, and behold the variety and redundancy of means which the Creator has prepared to meet and to satisfy all the rational wants of His children. So ample and multitudinous are the gifts of God, that He needed an immensity of space for their store-house; and so various are they, and ascending one above another in their adaptation to our capacities of enjoyment, that we need an eternity to sit out the banquet. If the human heart can ever find any rational excuse for repining, it is not because of the penury and cheerlessness of its lot; but because, as it mounts upward in its reach after higher enjoyments, it is compelled to leave such pure and exquisite pleasures untasted behind it.

Man is not a savage or a pauper by the inexorable fatality of his nature. He is surrounded with every form of the truest and noblest

wealth; — wealth, or well-being, for the body, wealth for the mind, wealth for the heart. He is not of plebeian origin, but his lineage is from God; and when he asserts and exemplifies the dignity of his nature, royal and patrician titles shrink into nothingness, and sink to oblivion. Men were not created to perform twenty-four months of bodily labor in twelve months of time, while the intellectual and moral improvement, which a single year might master, is spread over a life. The laws of nature and of God doom no man to live on a potato a day; but the productive powers of the earth are as much beyond all the demands of healthful sustenance, as the volume of the atmosphere which encircles the globe is beyond the capacity of human lungs. Men were not created to live in wigwams nor in sties; but to rise up and to lie down in dwellings of comfort and elegance. Men were not created for mendicity societies, and almshouses, and the gallows; but for competence, and freedom, and virtue; not for thoughtless puerilities and vanities, but for dignity and honor, for joy unspeakable and full of glory.

See how the means of sustenance and comfort are distributed and diversified throughout the earth. There is not a mood of body, from the wantonness of health to the languor of the

death-bed, for which the wonderful alchemy of nature does not proffer some luxury to stimulate our pleasures; or her pharmacy some catholicon to assuage our pains. What textures for clothing — from the gossamer thread which the silk-worm weaves, to silk-like furs which the winds of Zembla cannot penetrate! As materials from which to construct our dwellings, what Quincys and New Hampshires of granite, what Alleghanies of oak, and what forests of pine, belting the continent! What coal-fields to supply the lost warmth of the receding sun! Nakedness and famine and pestilence are not inexorable ordinances of nature. Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance *out on exhibition.* The cholera is but the wrath of God against uncleanness and intemperance. Famine is only a proof of individual misconduct, or of national misgovernment. In the woes of Ireland, God is proclaiming the wickedness of England, in tones as clear and articulate as those in which He spoke from Sinai; and it needs no Hebraist to translate the thunder. And if famine needs not to be, then other forms of destitution and misery need not to be. But amid the exuberance of this country, our dangers spring from abundance rather than from scarcity. Young

men, especially young men in our cities, walk in the midst of allurements for the appetite. Hence, health is imperilled; and so indispensable an element is health in all forms of human welfare, that whoever invigorates his health has already obtained one of the great guaranties of mental superiority, of usefulness, and of virtue. Health, strength, and longevity, depend upon immutable laws. There is no chance about them. There is no arbitrary interference of higher powers with them. Primarily our parents, and secondarily ourselves, are responsible for them. The providence of God is no more responsible, because the virulence of disease rises above the power of all therapeutics, or because one quarter part of the human race die before completing the age of one year, — die before completing one seventieth part of the term of existence allotted to them by the Psalmist; — I say the providence of God is no more responsible for these things, than it is for picking pockets or stealing horses.

Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, Health should be among the first items in the catalogue. This is no exaggeration of its value; for health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should

a man love the Lord his God, with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength, to love Him with, in the vigor of health, than under the palsy of disease. Not only the amount, but the quality of the labor which a man can perform, depends upon his health. The work savors of the workman. If the poet sickens, his verse sickens; if black, venous blood flows to an author's brain, it beclouds his pages; and the devotions of a consumptive man scent of his disease as Lord Byron's obscenities smell of gin. Not only "lying lips," but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization, — the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the condition of the body it inhabits, — that the materialist hardly states practical results too strongly, when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination and love, are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an Æolian harp.

In regard to the indulgence of appetite, and the management of the vital organs, society is still in a state of barbarism; and the young

man who is true to his highest interests must create a civilization for himself. The brutish part of our nature governs the spiritual. Appetite is Nicholas the First, and the noble faculties of mind and heart are Hungarian captives. Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of any epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose prime cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyments. Their purveyor and market-man bring them home head-aches, and indigestion, and neuralgia, by hamper-fulls. Their butler bottles up stone, and gout, and the liver-complaint, falsely labelling them sherry, or madeira, or port, and the stultified masters have not wit enough to see through the cheat. The mass of society look with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating suffers twenty hours of sharp aching; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and is so pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night, as a gratuity. English factory children have received the commiseration of the world, because they were scourged to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; but there is many

a theoretic republican who is a harsher Pharaoh to his stomach than this; — who allows it no more resting-time than he does his watch; who gives it no Sunday, no holiday, no *vacation* in any sense. Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart-load of stones should be thrown upon the body. Yet, when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle-soup or lobster-salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the church, and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph upon their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush. Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offence which his soul had committed, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-roads. Is it not humiliating and amazing, that men, invited by the exalted pleasures of the intellect, and the sacred affections of the heart, to come to a banquet worthy of the gods, should stop by the way-side to feed on garbage, or to drink of the Circean cup that transforms them to swine!

If a young man, incited by selfish principles alone, inquires how he shall make his appetite yield him the largest amount of grati-

fication, the answer is, *by Temperance.* The true epicurean art consists in the adaptation of our organs not only to the highest, but to the longest enjoyment. Vastly less depends upon the table to which we sit down, than upon the appetite which we carry to it. The palled epicure, who spends five dollars for his dinner, extracts less pleasure from his meal than many a hardy laborer who dines for a shilling. The desideratum is, not greater luxuries, but livelier *papillæ;* and if the devotee of appetite would propitiate his divinity aright, he would not send to the Yellowstone for buffaloes' tongues, nor to France for *paté de fois gras*, but would climb a mountain, or swing an axe. With health, there is no end to the quantity or the variety from which the palate can extract its pleasures. Without health, no delicacy that nature or art produces can provoke a zest. Hence, when a man destroys his health, he destroys, so far as he is concerned, whatever of sweetness, of flavor and of savor, the teeming earth can produce. To him who has poisoned his appetite by excesses, the luscious pulp of grape or peach, the nectareous juices of orange or pine-apple, are but a loathing and a nausea. He has turned gardens and groves of delicious fruit into gardens and groves of ipecac and aloes.

The same vicious indulgences that blasted his health, blasted all orchards and cane-fields also. Verily, the man who is physiologically "wicked" does not live out half his days; nor is this the worst of his punishment, for he is more than half dead while he appears to live.

Let the young man, then, remember, that, for every offence which he commits against the laws of health, nature will bring him into judgment. However graciously God may deal with the heart, all our experience proves that He never pardons stomach, muscles, lungs, or brain. These must expiate their offences *un*-vicariously. Nay, there are numerous and obvious cases of violated physical laws, where Nature, with all her diligence and severity, seems unable to scourge the offender enough during his life-time, and so she goes on plying her scourge upon his children and his children's children after him, even to the third and fourth generation. The punishment is entailed on posterity; nor human law, nor human device, can break the entailment. And in these hereditary inflictions, nature abhors alike the primogeniture laws of England and the Salic laws of France. All the sons and all the daughters are made inheritors; not in aliquot parts; but, by a kind of malignant multiplication in the distemper, each inherits the whole.

I ask the young man, then, who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him, and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintner's cess-pool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobacconist. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the school-boy's story, he has eaten his cake and still kept it. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so

will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

But look at an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man; — the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken; in himself a lazar-house of diseases; dead, but, by a heathenish custom of society, not buried! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks,

as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body, "BEHOLD A BEAST!" Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day; if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "Upper Ten;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting.

Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on *this* picture, and on *this*, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

Society is infinitely too tolerant of the *roué*, — the wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself and to debauch others; whose heart has been spotted with infamy so much, that it is no longer spotted, but hell-black all over; and who, at least, *deserves* to be treated as travellers say the wild horses of the prairies treat a vicious fellow, — the noblest of the herd forming a compact circle around him, heads outward, and kicking him to death.

But why should not a young man indulge

an ambition to lay up a stock of health, as well as to lay up stocks of any other kind? Health is earned, — as literally so as any commodity in the market. Health can be accumulated, invested, made to yield its interest and its compound interest, and thus be doubled and redoubled. The capital of health, indeed, may all be forfeited by one physical misdemeanor, as a rich man may sink all his property in one bad speculation; but it is as capable of being increased as any other kind of capital; and it can be safely insured on payment of the reasonable premium of temperance and forethought. This, too, is a species of wealth, which is not only capable of a life-long enjoyment by its possessor, but it may be transmitted to children by a will and testament that no human judicature can set aside.

Why, too, should not a young man be ambitious to amass a capital of health upon which he can draw, in cases of emergency, without danger of bankruptcy, or even of protest? Suppose, in the course of life, some brilliant achievement should be offered for his winning, — some literary or scientific labor, or some victory over the leagued forces of vice, or error, or ignorance, — which might demand for its triumph a double amount of exertion, for months, or for

years;—then, when he feels that he can do a day's work every day, and another day's work every night, and still live as long and enjoy as much as his fellows, will he not experience a delight in the consciousness of his power, a thousand times more vivid and more pure than a capitalist can ever feel over his funds, or a miser over his hoards? And is not this a legitimate satisfaction; nay, a lofty and honorable ambition, to which a true man may properly aspire?

There is one error, in regard to health, so common in all ranks of life, that special pains should be taken to prevent young men from incurring its mischiefs. Almost every man has his own *pet* indulgence. This he defends by saying that, however injurious it may be to others, it is harmless to himself; and he refers to his past experience to justify his future indulgence;—affirming that he has tried it for years, he knows it has been innoxious, and he will, therefore, persist.

Now, this reasoning, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, is the shallowest of fallacies. In the first place, a man can never know how well he would have been, but for the indulgence he defends. He wants, and must necessarily want, as an object of comparison, and as a ground for

his inference, that other self, which, but for the indulgence, he would have been. In the next place, and principally, every well-constituted person is endowed with a vast fund of health and strength, at his birth; and if this has not been impaired by the ignorance or folly of his natural guardians, he brings it with him upon the stage of life. This fund of natural, inborn health and vigor may be increased, or kept at par, or squandered. The case may be likened to a deposit, in bank, of a hundred thousand dollars, for a young man's benefit. He may make a draft upon it of five thousand dollars a year, and may repeat his draft annually, for twenty years; and because the draft is always answered, the drawer may say, "I know that this expenditure does not impair my fortune; my credit continues as good as ever, and the last time my check was presented, it was promptly honored." True. But the self-same act now cited to prove the exhaustlessness of the fund is the very act that drew the last cent of the deposit, and balanced the account. It is false logic, when the inference uses up the premises, and the syllogism seems to stand stronger until it stands on nothing. Yet such is the argument in defence of every indulgence and every exposure that militates against the laws

of health. He who draws upon a supply that is not infinite will sooner or later reach the bottom. Let this be received as an axiom, that no law of health, any more than a law of conscience, can ever be broken with impunity. To affirm that any violation of a law of health will not be followed by its corresponding injury, is as philosophically absurd as to say there may be a cause which produces no effect.

A young man, in the city, and, in some avocations, in the country also, who has only a limited stipend for the supply of all his wants, is sorely tempted to indulge himself in what meets the public eye, and to scrimp himself in needs of a more private character. An unhealthful sleeping-room may be endured, that a showy dress may be displayed. A month of penurious living is the penalty of an expensive entertainment. A day of indiscreet and perhaps baneful pleasure absorbs what would have sufficed to spread comfort over weeks. In former days, under the despotism of a custom as cruel as it was ridiculous, a young man, with a few spare dollars in his pocket, was expected to spend them in the sensual pleasures of a wine-bibbing entertainment, instead of spending them for the godlike joy of succoring distress, of reclaiming

from guilt, or of rescuing innocence from perdition.*

* I once knew a young man, who, on removing from the country to the city, was introduced to a very respectable circle of persons about his own age, who were in the habit of meeting periodically, for the nominal purpose, at least, of conversation and social improvement. But any looker-on at their symposia might not have been deemed uncharitable, had he supposed that the supper, the wine, and the cigars, constituted the principal attraction. He became one of their number, and for a time enjoyed the hilarity and shared the expense of the entertainments; but being at last rebuked by his conscience for this mode of spending both time and money, he quietly withdrew from the club, though without abandoning his intimacy with its members. Through one of their number, he learned the average cost of their suppers, and taking an equal sum from his own scantily-filled purse, he laid it aside, as a fund for charity. At the end of a single season, he found himself in possession of a hundred dollars, wholly made up of these sums saved from genteel dissipation. This amount he took to a poor but most exemplary family, consisting of a widow and several small children, all of whom were struggling, as for life, and against a series of adverse circumstances, to maintain a show of respectability, and to provide the means of attending the public school. The bestowment of this sum upon the disheartened mother and the fatherless children, together with the sympathy and counsel that accompanied it, seemed to put a new heart into the bosoms of them all. It proved the turning point in their fortunes. Some small debts were paid, the necessary school-books and a few articles of decent clothing were obtained, the children sprang forward in their studies, equalling or outstripping all competitors; and, *at the present time*, they are all among the most respectable, exemplary and useful citizens in the State. Now, it would be to suppose myself, not among *men*, but among *fiends*, were I to ask the question, as if doubtful of the answer, which of those young men extracted the greatest quantity and the purest quality of happiness from his hundred dollars! Nor can such a charity ever fail to benefit him that gives as much as him that takes.

Is it not one of the most unaccountable of contradictions, that the public should look *backwards* upon examples of frugality, and wisely apportioned expenditure, with feelings so different from those with which it regards the same virtues, when exhibited before its own eyes? Who does not feel honored by his relationship to Dr. Franklin, whether as a townsman, or as a countryman, or even as belonging to the same race? Who does not feel a sort of personal complacency in that frugality of his youth, which laid the foundation for so much competence and generosity in his mature age; in that wise discrimination of his outlays, which held the culture of the soul in absolute supremacy over the pleasures of sense; and in that consummate mastership of the great art of living, which has carried his practical wisdom into every cottage in Christendom, and made his name immortal? And yet, how few there are among us who would not disparage, nay, ridicule and contemn, a young man who should follow Franklin's example! Is not this the strangest of weaknesses, as well as of inconsistencies; for, when we take to ourselves credit for commending a virtue, why should we disdain to practise it? Do you ask me why there will be no old Benjamin Franklins in the coming generation of adults? I answer, only because

there are no young Benjamin Franklins in the present generation of youth; — none who will feed his body on a roll of bread, that divine philosophy may regale his soul.

Do I need an apology for dwelling thus long and earnestly, not only on the economical benefits, but on the moral and religious obligation, of taking care of health? I find one in the facts, that ethical and theological writers, almost if not quite without an exception, have left this field out of the domain of conscience; and that the constituted guardians and directors of youth, — those at the head of our colleges and higher seminaries of learning, — have so generally omitted it in their counsels of wisdom. Let no young man attempt to palliate a continued neglect of this high duty, by saying that an imperfect education has left him without the requisite knowledge. There are books and drawings and anatomical preparations, where this knowledge may be found. Do you say you have not money to buy them? Then, I reply, sweep streets, or sweep chimneys, to earn it!

Having learned the conditions on which health can be enjoyed, and having secured its continuance by habit, let the young man survey the universe into which he has been born, and comprehend his marvellous relations to it.

Notwithstanding the beautiful adaptations of the physical world to our needs, yet when we leave the regions of sense and of sensuous things, and ascend to the sphere of the intellect, we find that all which had ever delighted us before becomes poor and sombre in the presence of the brighter glories that burst upon our view. Here fresh and illimitable fields, — as it were a new creation, — open upon us, and, corresponding with the new objects presented, a group of new faculties, to explore and enjoy them, is awakened within us. The outward eye sees outward things, and the outside of things only; but the inward eye beholds the interior laws that govern and inform them. The natural eye looks upon the works of nature only as a letterless man looks upon a book or a library; but the inward eye is emancipated from the bonds that bind its brother. The great panorama of the universe limits and bounds the outward organs that behold it; gives them all they can ask; fills them with all they can receive. Splendid and majestic as are the heavens and the earth to the natural eye, yet they are solid, opaque, impervious. But to the subtle and pervading intellect, this solid framework of the universe becomes transparent. Its densest and darkest textures are crystalline. To

the intellect, each interior fibre and atom of things is luminous. The light of the mind has power to penetrate and permeate the walls and canopy of its earthly dwelling-place, as the light of the sun shines through glass. The soul finds all matter a vacuum, and runs through it as electricity runs through iron. The spiritual essence of man, looking out through the material structure of the body, beholds the spiritual essences of things that vivify the material structure of creation. To the natural sense, the works of nature are only like some most exquisite piece of mechanism, confined for its protection in thick encasements of oak or of iron, and veiled from sight by the covering that hides while it secures it; or like a temple filled with all the wonders of nature and of art, but all whose doors are barred and all whose windows blinded. You see the walls that enclose the machine; you see the temple's magnificent exterior; while to the spring which moves the wheels of the one, and to the splendors and enchantments that fill every compartment of the other, you are blind. But to the intellect of man all recesses are opened; all secrets revealed. Sunlight glows where darkness gloomed. To this power, no height is inaccessible, no depth unfathomable, no distance untraversable. It

has the freedom of the universe. It cannot be swallowed up in the waters of the sea; it cannot be crushed by the weight of the earth; and in the midst of the fiery furnace, one whose form is like the Son of God walks by its side.

So, too, all created things are governed by laws,—each by its own. The inanimate move and gravitate and are chemically changed from form to form; the animate live and reproduce their kind and die, in obedience to unchangeable laws. These laws the intellect of man can discover and understand; and thus make his dominion coëxtensive with his knowledge. So far as we understand these laws, we can bring all substances that are governed by them under their action, and thus produce the results we desire; just as the coiner subjects his gold dust to the process of minting, and brings out eagles. So far as we understand the Creator's laws, He invests us with His power. When knowledge enables me to speak with the flaming tongue of lightning, across a continent, is it not the same as though I had power to call down the swiftest angel from heaven, and send him abroad as the messenger of my thoughts? When a knowledge of astronomy and navigation enables me to leave a port on this side of the globe and thread my labyrinthine way among

contrary winds, and through the currents and counter-currents of the ocean, and to strike any port I please on the opposite side of the globe; is it not the same as though God for this purpose had endued me with His all-seeing vision, and enabled me to look through clouds and darkness around the convex earth? Nor does the intellect stop with the knowledge of physical laws. All the natural attributes of the Author of those laws are its highest and noblest study. Its contemplations and its discoveries rise from the spirit that dwelleth in a beast to the spirit that dwelleth in a man; and from this to the Spirit that dwelleth in the heavens. Every acquisition of knowledge, also, which the intellect can make, assimilates the creature to the all-knowing Creator. It traces another line on the countenance of the yet ignorant child, by which he more nearly resembles the Omniscient Father. Do not these reflections prove the worth and power and grandeur of the human mind, and show the infinite nature of the boon and blessedness which have been placed within reach of every human being?

Look, too, at the provision which the bounty of God has made for another group of the human faculties, — for the æsthetic or beauty-loving part of our nature. We might have eaten

and drank and worked in a drab-colored universe as well as in this scene of ever-varying splendor; in a world of monotone and droning as well as in the midst of

> "Ten thousand harps that tune
> Angelic harmonies;"

in a world of geometric triangles and polygons, instead of fields of waving grain and bowers of wreathing vines and all the graceful lines of beauty and of art. Yet what a prodigality of creations to gratify the sentiment of beauty in the mind of man! — the many-colored flowers of the green earth, and the many-colored stars of the cerulean sky; the tints of the living foliage of summer, and the more gorgeous hues of the dying foliage of autumn, — that season when nature weaves a mantle of more than Tyrian splendor, and spreads it like a garment over valley and hill; the fervid and ever-changing effulgence of the rising sun, and the gentler glories of his setting hour; the stationary rainbow and the shooting auroras; the glittering colors of bird and insect and shell; all nature's symmetry of proportion, whether in the tiny walls of the coral insect's sepulchre, or in the honey-bee's comb, or in the basaltic pillars that uphold the mountains; the rigid shaft of the oak, and the vine that gracefully festoons

it;—but I forbear; for who shall catalogue the master-pieces in nature's galleries of beauty,—all marvels, all fashioned from archetypes of infinite excellence in the Divine Mind? Surely, He who created the fragrance and flowers and music of Paradise; He who has commanded a thousand sleepless attendants, each with a horn of plenty in its hand, to stand around even the disobedient children of men, and minister to their luxury and their adornment, was no anchorite. Surely, He who created all colors, and has mingled them together in the petals of flowers, in the armature of insects and in the plumage of birds, and has blended lily and rose in the cheek of youth; He who has strewed the bottom of the ocean with pearls, and sowed jasper and amethyst and chrysolite among the rocks, was no contemner of adornment. He prepared this wondrous frame of things not only to excite the exultation of sense and of sentiment, but to inspire the sublime contemplations of the intellect, and to make our devotions impassioned by making their Object so admirable. And with what nice adaptations and adjustments man is fitted to the universe in which he is placed! Behold the marvellous reach and energy with which the narrow organs of our narrow bodies extend their

cognizance and display their power! The nervous filaments of the senses are finer than a spider's thread. Yet they are the avenues of communication between the world without and the world within. They spread themselves out over a little space at the roots of the tongue, and all the savors of nature become tributaries to our pleasure. They unfold themselves over a little space in the olfactory organs, and we catch the perfumes of all the zones. They are ramified over a little space in the hollow of the ear, and the myriad voices of nature, from the shrill insect or the mellifluous song-bird to the organ-tones of heaven's cathedral,—the thunder, the cataract and the ocean,—become our orchestra. They line a spot in the interior of the eye so small that the tip of the finger may cover it; when lo! the earth and the heavens, to the remotest constellations that seem to glitter feebly on the confines of space, are painted, quick as thought, in the chambers of the brain. By these senses we hold connection with all external things, as though millions of telegraphic wires were stretched from every outward object, and came in converging lines to find their focus in our organs, and through these inlets to pour their pictures, their odors and their songs, into the all-capacious brain. Nay, better

than this; for we have the picture, the perfume and the music, without the encumbrance of the wires.

But a higher and holier world than the world of Ideas, or the world of Beauty, lies around us; and we find ourselves endued with susceptibilities which affiliate us to all its purity and its perfectness. The laws of nature are sublime, but there is a moral sublimity before which the highest intelligences must kneel and adore. The laws by which the winds blow, and the tides of the ocean, like a vast clepsydra, measure, with inimitable exactness, the hours of ever-flowing time; the laws by which the planets roll, and the sun vivifies and paints; the laws which preside over the subtle combinations of chemistry, and the amazing velocities of electricity; the laws of germination and production in the vegetable and animal worlds; — all these, radiant with eternal beauty as they are, and exalted above all the objects of sense, still wane and pale before the Moral Glories that apparel the universe in their celestial light. The heart can put on charms which no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. Virtue shines in native colors, purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism, can reflect. Arabian gar-

dens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as charity diffuses. Beneficence is godlike, and he who does most good to his fellow-man is the Master of Masters, and has learned the Art of Arts. Enrich and embellish the universe as you will, it is only a fit temple for the heart that loves truth with a supreme love. Inanimate vastness excites wonder; knowledge kindles admiration, but love enraptures the soul. Scientific truth is marvellous, but moral truth is divine; and whoever breathes its air and walks by its light has found the lost paradise. For him a new heaven and a new earth have already been created. His home is the sanctuary of God, the Holy of Holies.

And now, into this universe, so redundant in treasures for the body, in grandeur for the mind, and in happiness for the heart, man is born. He awakens into life, like Adam in the garden of Eden, and finds himself surrounded by a higher paradise than bloom and fruitage, than streams and embowering shades, can create. He finds the earth a vast and perfect apparatus of means adapted and designed to minister to his enjoyment and to aggrandize his power. The globe, with all its dynamical energies, its mineral treasures, its vegetative powers, its fecundities of life, is only a grand and divinely

wrought machine put into his hands; and, on the condition of knowledge, he may wield it and use it, as an artisan uses his tool. Knowledge inaugurates us into the office of superintendent and director of the elements, and all their energies. By means of knowledge, they may all be made ministering servants for our profit and our pleasure. Such is the true philosophic relation in which we stand to this earth, to the perfect system of laws which govern it, and to the mighty and exhaustless energies with which its frame, and every organ of its frame, is filled. It is our automaton. Gravitation, repulsion, caloric, magnetism, air, water, fire, light, lightning, — through knowledge, we can play them all, as Maelzel plays his chessmen!

As a being of spiritual attributes, man occupies, as it were, a central point. The glowing universe spreads around him. With his hand, or with his thought, or with his love, he can lay hold on every part of it. Though born in ignorance, yet his intellect is like an ever-growing papyrus, on whose leaves all knowledge may be written. Though liable to fall, amidst the false lights of earth, and under the wild impulses of his nature, yet he can rise by aspiration to the "first good, first perfect,

and first fair." The human soul is Desire; the works and wisdom of God are a fountain of Supply. If the soul of man is a void at birth, it is a void so capacious that the universe may be transfused into it. All nature and spirit have an affinity for the new-born child. They address themselves to him in sweetest accents. They yearn to pour themselves into the capacious chambers of his mind, and the more capacious chambers of his heart. They flow to him, they impress themselves upon him, as the images of objects are cast upon a mirror by reflected sunlight. As the mirror receives images from abroad, so does he; but, infinitely superior to the mirror, he can retain what he receives. By labor and by duty, he can provide mansions in his soul, capacious of all things. By imagination, he can reproduce all forms and properties of material things; by intelligence, he can comprehend the laws which govern and the springs which move them; and by love and truth, he can enter heaven, and hold communion with every order in the hierarchy of excellence. Thus, in every human soul, creation may be created anew. The unconscious creation may be created consciously. Nay, the created universe may repeat itself in every human soul. Born into this actual uni-

verse, the weakest child, by virtue of his endowments and capacities, is, in himself, a potential universe. Supply the condition of infinite duration, and each soul is capable of being built up into another universe, of height, and depth, and amplitude, like its prototype. In the same sense in which our life is coëval with eternity, our mental nature is commensurate with infinity, and our moral nature capable of perfection.

I say, then, that every human being is born into this world, *a potential universe.* Prospectively, he is receptive of all sentient enjoyments; capable of all knowledge, and susceptible of all forms of virtue. Insect and worm, as he is at birth, there is within him the seminal principle of all grandeur and all glory. Conscious of but a single want and a single pleasure, on his introduction into life, the blessings which crowd an immensity, and lie along the vista of an eternity, are within his reach.

In one respect, indeed, man holds high preëminence over the universe into which he is born. As he builds himself up, idea by idea, and virtue by virtue, each new acquisition in the infinite progression of knowledge, and each new ascension in the endless acclivities of duty, is a new joy. We were created in ignorance and

in weakness, for the very purpose of enabling us to feel the conscious delight of gathering in knowledge, and of growing stronger in virtue. Had we been endued, at birth, with any amount of positive knowledge, or had we been set forward, by the shortest stage, in the path of actual duty, it would have been so much subtracted from the pleasures of acquisition and of improvement. So much as we had known, so much of novelty should we have lost. Addison beautifully describes the moon and planets to be

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine.'"

And this is true. But their song is sung only to other ears. In the rightly developed soul, this song is sung to its own consciousness; this celestial music is chanted for its own inward ear. Hence, poor and weak and ignorant as we are at birth, we have what is far better than any created majesty or wisdom or blessedness could be, — we have faculties by which we can ourselves coöperate in their acquisition, and thus secure a triple reward; — the pleasure of acquiring, the blessing acquired, and an increased power of compassing new blessings.

Now all this vastness and splendor and duration are the birth-right, or rather the birth-gift,

of all. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the bounty of the Creator is to cease its overflow here, as though His fountain were exhausted, or our urns were full. On the contrary, all our ideas of our Heavenly Father prompt us to believe that He has, and will forever have, purer, more precious and more copious gifts in store, corresponding with our enlarged and exalted capacities to receive them. All analogy teaches us that we have undeveloped faculties within us, susceptibilities of happiness yet dormant, for whose fervor and intensity this world is too cold and ungenial; and which, therefore, await our translation to the land of the blest, where a purer ether and subtler elemental fires shall kindle them into life. While we were yet in embryo, our body existed in form as perfect as at present; our muscles, our brain, our lungs, and all our organs of sense, were complete; but we needed to be ushered into this world of air and light and motion and beauty, to call them into play. So in regard to the next stage of existence, we have the assurance of splendors and symphonies and loves, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive; and if so, then we must now have within us, lying undeveloped and inert, the rudimentary organs of eye and

ear and heart, with which we shall see and hear and feel the vision, the hallelujah, and the ecstasy, of the better world. As to this unseen and unimagined magnificence and beatitude of the future life, we are, while sojourning upon earth, only in the ante-natal state of darkness, inactivity and circumscription. Such is the nature which God has bestowed upon us, to be magnified, enlightened and adorned; and it is not given to mortal Eloquence or Poesy, with all their many-colored words, to paint the number and the variegation of its glories!

But, for this Book of Life, there is a Book of Death. Balancing our keen susceptibilities of enjoyment, are susceptibilities of suffering not less keen. Every nerve that can thrill with pleasure can also agonize with pain. Instead of hymnings of bliss, there may be howlings of despair. If there is an infinity of truth, there is an infinity of error also; and the empyrean of possible blessedness is not more high than the abysses of possible woe are deep. We are born into free and open space, in a figurative as well as in a literal sense. Intellectually, we can go backwards as well as forwards. Morally, we can go downwards as well as upwards. Our possible range of oscillation touches the extremes of health and sickness; of intellectual law and

of chaos anti-intellectual; of holiness and of sin. Whenever a law is submitted to a free, rational being, it is necessarily accompanied by two possibilities, — the possibility of obedience, and the possibility of disobedience; — and when the law, like all the Divine laws, executes itself, there is attached to these possibilities the certainty of infinite gain, or of infinite loss. Free agency necessitates the possibility of perdition; moral compulsion, indeed, may save from ruin; but compulsion abolishes freedom.

Endued, then, with these immortal and energetic capacities to soar or sink; with these heights of glory above him, and this abysm of wretchedness below him; *whitherward shall a young man set his face, and how shall he order his steps?*

There is a time when the youthful heir of a throne first comes to a knowledge of his mighty prerogatives; when he first learns what strength there is in his imperial arm, and what happiness or woe wait upon his voice. So there must be a time when the vista of the future, with all its possibilities of glory and of shame, first opens upon the vision of youth. Then is he summoned to make his choice between truth and treachery; between honor and dishonor; between purity and profligacy; between moral

life and moral death. And as he doubts or balances between the heavenward and the hellward course; as he struggles to rise or consents to fall; is there, in all the universe of God, a spectacle of higher exultation or of deeper pathos! Within him are the appetites of a brute and the attributes of an angel; and when these meet in council to make up the roll of his destiny and seal his fate, shall the beast hound out the seraph! Shall the young man, now conscious of the largeness of his sphere and of the sovereignty of his choice, wed the low ambitions of the world, and seek, with their emptiness, to fill his immortal desires? Because he has a few animal wants that must be supplied, shall he become all animal, — an epicure and an inebriate, — and blasphemously make it the first doctrine of his catechism, — "the Chief End of Man," — *to glorify his stomach and to enjoy it?* Because it is the law of self-preservation that he shall provide for himself, and the law of religion that he shall provide for his family when he has one, must he, therefore, cut away all the bonds of humanity that bind him to his race, forswear charity, crush down every prompting of benevolence, and if he can have the palace and the equipage of a prince, and the table of a Sybarite, become a blind man, and a deaf man, and a dumb man, when

he walks the streets where hunger moans and nakedness shivers? Because he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, must he, therefore, become a devotee of Mammon, and worship the meanest god that dwells in Erebus? Because he has an instinct for the approval of his fellow-men, and would aspire to the honors of office, shall he, therefore, supple his principles so that they may take the Protean shape of every popular clamor; or poise his soul on what the mechanicians call a *universal joint*, which turns in every direction with indiscriminate facility? Because absurd notions, descending to us from the worst and the weakest of men, have created factitious distinctions between employments, shall he seek a sphere of life for which he is neither fitted by nature nor by culture, and spoil a good cobbler by becoming a poor lawyer; or commit the double injustice of robbing the mountain goats of a herdsman to make a faithless shepherd in the Lord's pastures? Let the young man remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is

every way creditable to handle the yard-stick and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which the treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations are ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctifies the other. The time is soon coming, when, by the common consent of mankind, it will be esteemed more honorable to have been *John Pounds*, putting new and beautiful souls into the ragged children of the neighborhood, while he mended their fathers' shoes, than to have sat upon the British throne. The time now is, when, if Queen Victoria, in one of her magnificent "Progresses" through her realms, were to meet that more than American queen, Miss Dix, in her "circumnavigation of charity" among the insane, the former should kneel and kiss the hand of the latter; and the ruler over more than a hundred millions of people should pay homage to the angel whom God has sent to the maniac.

No matter what may be the fortunes or the expectations of a young man, he has no right to live a life of idleness. In a world so full as

this of incitements to exertion and of rewards for achievement, idleness is the most absurd of absurdities and the most shameful of shames. In such a world as ours, the idle man is not so much a biped as a bivalve; and the wealth which breeds idleness, — of which the English peerage is an example, and of which we are beginning to abound in specimens in this country, — is only a sort of human oyster-bed, where heirs and heiresses are planted, to spend a contemptible life of slothfulness in growing plump and succulent for the grave-worm's banquet.

The examples of Dr. Franklin, Dr. Bowditch and others, show that the most laborious of men may find leisure, or make it, for the culture of the mind. Indeed, it may almost be said that one of the greatest obstacles to this culture consists in the number and variety of its forms; for these are so many and so attractive that they bewilder rather than stimulate. The Fine Arts are so captivating and delightful that it is dangerous to recommend them. They so enchant the faculties of which they take possession, that they often arrest their votaries in a course of usefulness, and withdraw them from the performance of life's most urgent duties. But a taste for the beauties of nature should be cultivated by all. In these there is

nothing corrupting or meretricious; but all is healthful and improving. Yet this love of nature is strangely neglected. Why is it that so many men commit to memory the commonplaces of art, and profess to admire a few square feet of canvas in parlor or in gallery, while they are impassive to all the garniture which God hangs around the horizon every day; and which, as a token of His exhaustless fulness, He removes and renews with every passing hour? It is hard to sympathize, even with those of the more beautiful sex, who go into raptures over a sunrise painted by a human hand, but who never saw an original. But where a love of natural beauty has been cultivated, all nature becomes a stupendous gallery, as much superior in form and in coloring to the choicest collections of human art, as the heavens are broader and loftier than the Louvre or the Vatican. The beauties of the earth and the sky, of the changing seasons, and of day and night, cannot be monopolized by one street in a city, or by one building in a street; they cannot be closed against those who have not a golden passport for admission; but they are free and open to whomsoever may have an eye and an imagination that have been first taught to enjoy them.

The pleasures of literature may joyfully occupy a portion of the time not demanded by business or by health. The pursuits of science are even more valuable and ennobling than the study of literature. Literature is mainly conversant with the works of man, while science deals with the works of God; and the difference in the subject-matter of the two indicates the difference in their relative value, and in the power and happiness they can respectively bestow. A great portion of our literature is addressed to marvellousness, ideality, and those subordinate faculties that are brought into play by narrative, adventure and scenic representation. By far the larger part of all histories, a great portion of epic poetry, and almost all martial poetry, are addressed to the brutish propensities of combativeness and destructiveness. But physical science addresses itself to the noble faculty of causality and the kindred members of its group, including the mathematical powers; and ethical science addresses itself both to causality and to conscientiousness, and seeks also the sacred sanctions of veneration for whatever it teaches. A vast proportion of our literature consists of what had been written, or is a reproduction of what had been written, before the truths of modern science were

discovered; before the idea that there is an order of nature, and a law of cause and effect, in the spiritual as well as in the natural world, had been received into the mind, and had modified its action; and nothing can be more different than what the same genius would write, before being imbued with the spirit of science, and after being so imbued. All science may be invested with the charms of literature; but in such case it does not cease to be science; it only becomes science beautified. Hence the poet or the novelist *may be* scientific men, though they so rarely have been. Before the time of Lord Bacon, men invented laws for nature, instead of inquiring of nature, by what laws she wrought. Since his time, men have condescended to interrogate nature instead of dictating to her; and already we have a physical world as different from that known before he wrote, as we can imagine any two planets to be from each other. A vast proportion of the existing literature has as little relation to metaphysical truth, as the speculations of the schoolmen, before the time of Bacon, had to physical laws. It is not more true that Aristotle and his followers invented laws for nature which she never owned, and explained her phenomena on principles that never existed,

than it is that most of those works which we call works of the imagination assume the existence of spiritual laws such as the spirit of man never knew, and therefore produce results of action and character such as all experience repudiates. Hence it is, that I would commend science more than literature as an improver of the mind. Such a state of things needs not to be, and probably ere long will cease to be. Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, have done for Metaphysics, or the science of mind, as great a work as Bacon did for Physics, or the laws of matter. Already their labors are extensively appreciated; they are producing great improvements and ameliorations in penal jurisprudence and prison discipline, in the treatment of the insane, in ethical philosophy, and in education, which lies at the bottom of all,—subjects, which, as it seems to me, can never be properly understood but in the light of their science. As the science of zoology has hunted krakens, phœnixes, unicorns and vampires, from the animal kingdom; as the science of astronomy has swept pestilential and war-portending comets, and all the terrors and the follies of astrology, from the sky; as a knowledge of chemistry has made the notion of charms and philters and universal remedies, and the philosopher's

stone, ridiculous and contemptible; as an improved knowledge of the operations of nature around us has banished fairies and gnomes and ghosts and witches, and a belief in dreams and signs, from all respectable society; and as a better knowledge of the true God has dethroned hundreds of thousands of false gods, and cast them into oblivion; so will an analytical knowledge of the faculties of the human mind, of their special functions and ends, and of their related objects in the world of matter and the world of spirit, sweep into forgetfulness four fifths of what is now called Literature. But there is no reason why literature should not hereafter be founded on science, have constant reference to its truths, and thus become its most delightful illustrator.

One thing is certain. If men can love fiction, they can love science better. Men love fiction because they love wonder and excitement; but nothing is more true than that truth is more wonderful than fiction. No invention of the imagination is so exciting as the revelations of science;—provided only that the faculties which comprehend the latter are as much developed as those which comprehend the former. Amid the marvels which science is yet to unfold, the wonders of Aladdin's lamp will

lose their splendor; and posterity will look back upon those whose imagination could be satisfied with the Arabian Nights, or stories of Fairy-land, with as much pity as we look upon the savage whose highest idea of regal adornment can be satisfied with beads of glass and jewelry of tin. The tricks of the juggler, the craft of the sorcerer and the magician, will die out; for the lovers of wonder will seek for the exhilarations of novelty and amazement in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lecture-room of the philosopher, where nature, inspired by God, works miracles with fire and water, with attraction and repulsion, with light and lightning,—at once kindling devotion and dispensing knowledge. Here are opportunities where the young man may build himself up, day by day, into the likeness of the great universe in which he dwells, imitating its strength as well as its beauty, and aspiring to its moral heights as well as expanding his knowledge to its physical amplitude.

But there is one pitfall of temptation, into which the young man of our day is in danger of falling, and into which the mercantile young man is in especial danger of falling. The gods of this world, the polytheism which has so long coëxisted with Christianity, is fast

dying out. Men are rapidly coming to the worship of one deity;—the only misfortune is, that it is neither the living nor the true one. They deify wealth; and while they most falsely transfer their worship to an idol divinity, they most faithfully fulfil the letter of the commandment, and love it with all their heart and soul and mind and strength. Were it currently reported and believed that the river of Jordan rolled over golden sands, or that the pool of Bethesda was surrounded by "Placers," the Christian would vie with the Jew for the rebuilding of Jerusalem; all ships would be "up" for Palestine instead of San Francisco; and the Holy Land would be again inundated, —not by a host of God-worshipping, but of gold-worshipping, Crusaders.

Now I wage no war against wealth. I taint it with no vilifying breath. Wealth, so far as it consists in comfortable shelter and food and raiment for *all* mankind; in competence for every bodily want, and in abundance for every mental and spiritual need, is so valuable, so precious, that if any *earthly* object could be worthy of idolatry, this might best be the idol. Wealth, as the means of refinement and embellishment; of education and culture, not only universal in its comprehension, but elevated in

its character; wealth, as the means of perfecting the arts and advancing the sciences, of discovering and diffusing truth, is a blessing we cannot adequately appreciate; and God seems to have pronounced it to be so, when He made the earth and all the fulness thereof, — the elements, the land and sea, and all that in them is, — convertible into it. But wealth as the means of an idle or a voluptuous life; wealth as the fosterer of pride and the petrifier of the human heart; wealth as the iron rod with which to beat the poor into submission to its will, is all the curses of Pandora concentrated into one. It is not more true, that money represents all values, than that it represents all vices.

In this country most young men are poor. Time is the rock from which they are to hew out their fortunes; and health, enterprise, and integrity, the instruments with which to do it. To the young man without patrimony, there are few higher earthly duties than to obtain a competency. For this, diligence in business, abstinence in pleasures, privation even, of everything that does not endanger health, are to be joyfully welcomed and borne. When we look around us, and see how much of the wickedness of the world springs from poverty, it seems to sanctify all honest efforts for the acquisition

of an independence. But when an independence is acquired, then comes the moral crisis, — then comes an Ithuriel test, — which shows whether a man is higher than a common man, or lower than a common reptile. In the duty of accumulation, (and I call it a *duty*, in the most strict and literal signification of that word,) all below a competence is most valuable, and its acquisition most laudable. But all above a fortune is a misfortune. It is a misfortune to him who amasses it; for it is a voluntary continuance in the harness of a beast of burden, when the soul should enfranchise and lift itself up into a higher region of pursuits and pleasures. It is a persistence in the work of providing goods for the body, after the body has already been provided for; and it is a denial of the higher demands of the soul, after the time has arrived and the means are possessed of fulfilling those demands. Since men have bodies and heads and hearts to be provided for, some provision for the body is the duty first in order; because the body is the only earthly residence for the mind, and therefore must first be taken care of; but when this first duty is amply fulfilled, then the other duties, — those which belong to the head and the heart, — become first, both in order and in importance. Because the lower service was

once necessary, and has, therefore, been performed, it is a mighty wrong, when, without being longer necessary, it usurps the sacred rights of the higher.

Great wealth is a misfortune, because it makes generosity impossible. There can be no generosity where there is no sacrifice; and a man who is worth a million of dollars, though he gives half of it away, no more makes a sacrifice, than, (if I may make such a supposition,) a dropsical man, whose skin holds a hogshead of water, makes a sacrifice when he is tapped for a barrel. He is in a healthier condition after the operation than before it. If a donkey would be considered a fool among donkeys, for desiring to double the burden of gold that is already breaking his back, I see not why the shorter-eared variety should be judged by a different rule. The literal declaration that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, not only stands upon sacred authority, but is confirmed by all human reasoning. For, what kingdom of heaven can there possibly be, from which love and sympathy, and the tenderness of a common brotherhood, are excluded? and the man who hoards superfluous wealth while there is famishing in the next

street; the man who revels in luxuries while the houseless and breadless are driven from his door; the man who, through an ostentation of literature, walls himself in with libraries which he cannot read, while thousands of children around him are destitute even of school-books, — the very seed-wheat of all knowledge; — such a man has no love, nor sympathy, nor feeling of brotherhood, for his race; and, therefore, go where he will, the kingdom of heaven must be his antipode. One point in the circumference of a revolving wheel may as well attempt to overtake the opposite point, as he to reach that kingdom. The casting off of his loved burdens will alone give him the agility to attain it.

All above a fortune is usually the greatest of misfortunes to children. By taking away the stimulus to effort, and, especially, by taking away the restraints from indulgence, it takes the muscles out of the limbs, the brain out of the head, and virtue out of the heart. The same young man, who, with a moderate fortune, might retain the full vigor of his system till sixty, and be a blessing to the world all his life long, under the depraving influence of a vast patrimony, is likely to die a sot or a debauchee at forty-five, if he does not shoot himself as a non-compos at thirty. The father may feel

proud of his twenty per cent. or thirty per cent. stocks; but when the devil clutches the son for guiltily spending what he clutched the father for guiltily amassing, he surely proves himself the better financier; for he doubles his capital by a single speculation. Universal experience shows that the inheritor of a penny has a better chance for success in life than the inheritor of a "plum." But better far than either is the golden mean of Agur's perfect prayer.*

Vast fortunes are a misfortune to the State. They confer irresponsible power; and human nature, except in the rarest instances, has proved incapable of wielding irresponsible power, without abuse. The feudalism of Capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of Force. The millionaire is as dangerous to the welfare of the community, in our day, as was the baronial lord of the Middle Ages. Both supply the means of shelter and of raiment on the same

* The following anecdote, which I believe to be authentic, is related of the late Stephen Girard. Meeting a wealthy and active business man, he accosted him thus: "Mr. A., I am surprised that a man having so much property as yourself should be so anxious to increase it." — "You cannot be so much surprised at my course," retorted his friend, "as I am at your remark, coming as it does from a man who has a much greater fortune than I have, and seems much more desirous to enlarge it." — "*Oh, yes,*" said Mr. Girard, "*but you forget that I have no children to be spoiled by it.*"

conditions; both hold their retainers in service by the same tenure, — their necessity for bread; both use their superiority to keep themselves superior. The power of money is as imperial as the power of the sword; and I may as well depend upon another for my head, as for my bread. The day is sure to come, when men will look back upon the prerogatives of Capital, at the present time, with as severe and as just a condemnation as we now look back upon the predatory Chieftains of the Dark Ages. Weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, or even in the clumsy scales of human justice, there is no equity in the allotments which assign to one man but a dollar a day, with working, while another has an income of a dollar a minute, without working. Under the reign of Force, or under the reign of Money, there may be here and there a good man who uses his power for blessing and not for oppressing his race; but all their natural tendencies are exclusively bad. In England, we see the feudalism of Capital approaching its catastrophe. In Ireland, we see the catastrophe consummated. Unhappy Ireland! where the objects of human existence and the purposes of human government have all been reversed; where rulers, for centuries, have ruled for the aggrandizement of them-

selves, and not for the happiness of their subjects; where misgovernment has reigned so long, so supremely, and so atrociously, that, at the present time, the "Three Estates" of the realm are Crime, Famine and Death!

But in speaking of the criminality of hoarding vast wealth, whether to gratify acquisitiveness or to maintain family pride, regardless of the suffering it might relieve, the vice it might reclaim, the ignorance it might instruct, or the positive happiness which, in a thousand ways, it might create, one grand exception should be made. Perhaps you have demanded that this exception should be intimated, at an earlier point; but I have reserved it to the present time, in order to give it a distinct enunciation, and to do it ample justice. Like every other act, the right or wrong of amassing property depends upon the motive that prompts it. If a man labors for accumulation all his life long, neglecting the common objects of charity, and repulsing the daily appeals to his benevolence, but with the settled, determinate purpose of so multiplying his resources that, at death, he can provide for some magnificent scheme of philanthropy, for which smaller sums or daily contributions would be insufficient, then he becomes a self-constituted servant and almoner of the

Lord, putting his master's talent out at usury, but rendering back both talent and usury, on the day of account; and who shall say that such a man is not a just and faithful steward, and worthy of his reward? But the day is sure to come which will test the spirit that has governed the life. On that day, it will be revealed, whether the man of vast wealth, like Stephen Girard, has welcomed toil, endured privation, borne contumely, while in his secret heart he was nursing the mighty purpose of opening a fountain of blessedness so copious and exhaustless that it would flow on undiminished to the end of time; or whether, like John Jacob Astor, he was hoarding wealth for the base love of wealth, hugging to his breast, in his dying hour, the memory of his gold and not of his Redeemer; griping his riches till the scythe of death cut off his hands, and he was changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from being one of the richest men that ever lived in this world, to being one of the poorest souls that ever went out of it.*

* I make this reference to Mr. Astor from no personal motive whatever. So far as my own feelings are concerned, it gives me pain to mention his name. I select him "to point a moral" only because I suppose him to have been the most notorious, the most wealthy, and, considering his vast means, the most miserly, of his

The translators of the Gospel tell us that *Dives* is not a proper but a common name. Any one, therefore, who revels in superfluous wealth while living, or bequeaths injurious coffers to his children when dying, while he forgets the poor, the vicious and the ignorant, *is* Dives; and before he makes any more pecuniary investments, he is respectfully commended to the sequel of the parable!

Some metaphysicians have resolved the love of money into the love of power. But surely no adult man whose heart is not all eaten out by avarice, surely *no young man*, can prefer the brute power of money before the moral power of character, — fear and passive submission before homage and willing obedience. Once, in familiar conversation with a very rich man, I asked him by what motive he had been prompted, in accumulating his wealth. "Pow-

class, in this country. Nothing but absolute insanity can be pleaded in palliation of the conduct of a man who was worth nearly or quite twenty millions of dollars, but gave only some half million, or less than a half million, of it for any public object. If men of such vast means will not benefit the world by their *example* while they live, we have a right to make reprisals for their neglect, by using them as a *warning* after they are dead. In the midst of so much poverty and suffering as the world experiences, it has become a high moral and religious duty to create an overwhelming public opinion against both the parsimonies and the squanderings of wealth.

er," said he, "power;" and then, clenching his hands and teeth, and contracting all his muscles to their highest tension, he added, "I wanted power, and I have got it."—"Yes," said I, "you have power over any quantity of water or steam, and over any number of wheels. You have power, too, over the *bodies* of certain classes of men; but do good with your wealth, and you will become a ruler over all men's *hearts;* nor will your reign cease when you die, but will last as long as you are remembered; and the love of men will not suffer your memory to perish."

It cannot be necessary here to give any formal answer to the inquiries, Who shall determine, or what amount shall determine, the line of demarcation between a sufficiency and a superfluity of wealth: or to show the unsoundness of the common definition, that "Enough" is always a little more than a man has. That there is such a line of demarcation, no man doubts; just as there is a distinction between penuriousness and liberality, or between necessaries and luxuries, though it may not be practicable, in all cases, to say what lies upon one side of that line and what upon the other. Let the man who is ambitious of wealth acquire and possess, uncensured, all that any

Christian man would allow; and, to avoid all controversy, let a small margin be given him besides. Is not this sufficiently liberal?

Now, the great moral which I would draw from all this is, that amid the obstacles to a sufficiency and the temptations to a superfluity of wealth, the young man should prepare himself for all the struggles of the *too little*, and against all the seductions of the *too much*. And however covetable a prize he may suppose wealth to be, let him never forget that honesty is a prize infinitely more covetable. However formidable the evils of want and poverty, of hunger and nakedness, of homelessness and starvation, let the eternal truth forever blaze before his eyes, that fraud, falsehood, and overreaching, are evils infinitely greater. If God has not given you the power to be rich, with perfect integrity and uprightness, then He never meant that you should be rich; and it requires but very little of philosophy or of religion to say, you had better submit to His will, "lest haply you be found to fight against God." If you cannot live by perfect honesty, then starvation becomes more honorable than any martyrdom by fire. Does strict veracity, — a punctilious regard for your word, — require you to lose a cargo, or a California, think you that

the Infinite Creator and Possessor of all things has not something better wherewith to requite your loss, than if every article in all your invoices were a cargo of India's riches, and every item in all your inventories were a California of washed and winnowed gold? Go out at night and look up into the starry heavens, and behold the "wealth of glory" with which they are stored. Cannot He who spread out this golden canopy,—cannot He who, if all these suns were swept into annihilation, could rekindle their fires by a thought,—cannot He reward you for being honest? Cannot the Maker of all these worlds, and the Owner of all these worlds, requite you, though you should lose a kingdom, or a continent, for His sake?

Honor, to a merchant, is what valor is to a soldier, or charity to a Christian. If there must be lying and cogging and false pretences, let the dandy practise them; for it has been doubted whether he has a soul. From the barbarian and the heathen, knavery may be expected; for they have not the light of civilization, nor the Divine morality of the Gospel. But compared with the merchant who effects insurance upon property already lost, or smuggles goods, or gambles in stocks, the beggar

that hires a babe and blisters its body into sores, in order to excite the compassion and extort the charity of the benevolent, is an honorable man. The man who sells one thing for another, or less for more, or an inferior for a superior quality, though he may enter a large item on the "Profit" side of his earthly leger; yet, in the Book of Life, he will find it entered on the side of "Loss." Is there a young man in this city, who desires to be enumerated, in the moral census, as a rascal subject of that rascal kingdom of which Hudson, the "railway king," is the rascal sovereign? What are palaces and equipages, what though a man could cover a continent with his title-deeds, or an ocean with his commerce, compared with conscious rectitude; with a face that never turns pale at the accuser's voice; with a bosom that never throbs at the fear of exposure; with a heart that might be turned inside out, and discover no stain of dishonor? To have done no man a wrong; to have put your signature to no paper to which the purest angel in heaven might not have been an attesting witness; to walk and live, unseduced, within arm's length of what is not your own, with nothing between your desire and its gratification but the invisible law of rectitude;—this is to be a man;

this is to be a child of God. He who cannot resist temptation is not a man. He is wanting in the highest attributes of humanity. The honor and nobleness of the old "knight-errantry" consisted in defending the innocence of men and protecting the chastity of women against the assaults of others. But the truer and nobler knighthood protects the property and the character, the innocence and the chastity, of others, *against one's self.*

Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of calamities, the bitterest dreg in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousand fold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer. The false man is more false to himself than to any one else. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment whatever lies within the circle of its radiations; but fire is always hottest at the centre, and that centre is the profligate's own heart. A man can be wronged and live; but the unresisted, unchecked impulse to do wrong is the first and the second death. The moment

any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us is abused or misused, that faculty loses, forever, a portion of its delicacy and its energy. Physiology teaches us that all privation and all violence suffered by our physical system, before birth, impairs the very stamina of our constitution, and sends us into this world, so far shorn of the energies, and blunted in the fineness of the perceptions, we should otherwise possess. So every injury which we inflict upon our moral nature, in this life, must dull, forever and ever, our keen capacities of enjoyment, though in the midst of infinite bliss, and weaken our power of ascension, where virtuous spirits are ever ascending. It must send us forward into the next stage of existence maimed and crippled, so that however high we may soar, our flight will always be less lofty than it would otherwise have been, and however exquisite our bliss, it will always be less exquisitely blissful than it was capable of being. Every instance of violated conscience, like every broken string in a harp, will limit the compass of its music, and mar its harmonies forever. Tremble, then, and forbear, oh man! when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy nature and the immortal glories of thy destiny; for if thou dost cast down thine eyes

to look with complacency upon the tempter, or bend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move forever and ever through inferior spheres of being; thou dost wound and dim the very organ, with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of eternity!

In all business transactions, let Justice be the pole-star. Without justice, the foundations of private character and the foundations of the state are, alike, rottenness. The old adage, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*,"—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall," is founded upon a supposition which truth pronounces impossible. The more you do justice, the more the heavens will not fall; the stronger will their foundations stand; and the higher will the superstructure rise into realms of purity and bliss. Injustice alone can shake down the pillars of the skies, and restore the reign of Chaos and Night.

But though the Prophet of our age would address the acquisitiveness of young men in the language of restraint and warning, yet, with an energy and fervor like that of the Prophets of old, he promises them immortal rewards for every deed of philanthropy, for every aspiration after Human Brotherhood. The world is enter-

ing upon a new moral cycle. The horrid reign of War and Conquest is drawing to its ignominious close. That domination of wealth, also, which has crushed the head and imbruted the heart of the millions, in order to subject their bodies to unresisting and unremitting toil, will soon share both the dethronement and the infamy of that sovereign Brute, called Force, whose place it has supplied. The discoveries of science and the progress of philosophy have so enlarged and dignified the dialect of the priest and the moralist, that their brother of the old monastery or conclave could now hardly understand them. Nineteen twentieths of all that was held to be knowledge, in the time of the schoolmen, is known to be folly now; nineteen twentieths of all that a Free State holds to be patriotism now, was sedition or high treason four centuries ago; and nineteen twentieths of all that the church holds to be religion now, was infidelity or atheism then. Men have made the great discovery that Ethics and Theology, though founded upon unchangeable truths, are still *progressive* sciences, not less than Physiology or Geology. Under the sublime law of progress, the present outgrows the past. The great heart of humanity is heaving with the hopes of a brighter day. All the

higher instincts of our nature prophesy its approach; and the best intellects of the race are struggling to turn that prophecy into fulfilment. Thoughts of Freedom, Duty, Benevolence, Equality, and Human Brotherhood, agitate the nations; and neither the Pope with his Cardinals, nor the Czar with his Cossacks, can repress them. Were these thoughts imprisoned in the centre of the earth, they would burst its granite folds, speed onward in their career, and fulfil their destiny. They are imbued with a deathless vigor. They must prevail, or the idea of a Moral Governor of the universe is an imposture, and the divine truths of the Gospel a fable. Here, then, is opened a new and noble career for the ambition of emulous youth; — not the ambition for subduing men into slaves, but the holy ambition of elevating them into peers; not for usurping principality or kingdom, but for building himself up into principality and kingdom; not merely for gathering renown, as it were, star by star, to be woven into a glittering robe for his person, or to make a crown of glory for his head; but to expand his own soul into grander proportions, to give it angelic and archangelic loftiness of stature, and to fill it perpetually with that song of joy which even the morning stars could not but sing when they

beheld the splendor of the Godhead reflected from the new creation. Here are opportunities, means, incitements, through which the young man may build himself up more and more into a likeness of the universe in which he dwells, and configure himself more and more to the Infinite Perfection that governs it.

In a universe like this, where the primary and fundamental relation, — the basis of all other relations, — is that which exists between the creature and the Creator, this fact must be eternally true: — Whatever direction the genius and energy of the creature may take, whether it be right or wrong, in that direction new discoveries will be made, new forms of good or of evil will be unfolded to view. In a physical and in a spiritual sense, the universe around us is full; and, as we cannot go beyond the circumference of present physical discoveries without discovering new theatres of being, so we cannot go beyond the circumference of existing spiritual relations without finding new spiritual relations. Columbus was devoted to the study of geography. As the result of that study, he felt that there was a continent to be discovered; and he discovered it. The mind of Newton pondered on astronomical truths. His contemplations engendered the belief that some cohesive

principle bound together the worlds on high; and he demonstrated the law of gravitation. Washington was a patriot. He yearned for liberty; and by his valor and his wisdom our republic was established. So new moral blessings and beauties are certain to reward the efforts of new moral power, whatever direction that power may take. Grander discoveries than any which have yet been made, — revelations that lay beyond the ken of Bacon's far-seeing vision, and beauties that shone outside the imagination of the vast-minded Shakspeare, — await the evoking power of philanthropic genius. Benevolence is a world of itself, — a world which mankind, as yet, have hardly begun to explore. We have, as it were, only skirted along its coasts for a few leagues, without penetrating the recesses, or gathering the riches of its vast interior. Hostile nations and repugnant races of men are wayward and devious orbs, yet to be brought into a system of Brotherhood by the attractions of Love. Justice, honor, love, truth, are the corner-stones of the holy government which is yet to be organized upon earth. For all true-hearted adventurers into these new realms of enterprise, there are moral Edens to be planted, such as Milton with his celestial verse could never describe;

and there are heights of moral sublimity to be attained such as Rosse with his telescope could never descry.

Glowing with a vivid conception of these truths, so wonderful and so indisputable, let me ask, whether, among all the spectacles which earth presents, and which angels might look down upon with an ecstasy too deep for utterance, is there one fairer and more enrapturing to the sight than that of a young man, just fresh from the Creator's hands, and with the unspent energies of the coming eternity wrapped up in his bosom, surveying and recounting, in the solitude of his closet or in the darkness of midnight, the mighty gifts with which he has been endowed, and the magnificent career of usefulness and of blessedness which has been opened before him; and resolving, with one all-concentrating and all-hallowing vow, *that he will live, true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of his nature!* If aught can be nobler or sublimer than this, it is the life that fulfils the vow. Such a young man reverences the divine skill and wisdom by which his physical frame has been so fearfully and wonderfully made; and he keeps it pure and clean, as a fit temple for the living God. For every indulgence of appetite that

would enervate the body, or dull the keen sense, or cloud the luminous brain, he has a "Get thee behind me!" so stern and deep, that the balked Satans of temptation slink from before him, in shame and despair. If obliged to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, or by the sweat of his brain, he is "not slothful in business." Fired with energy himself, he energizes all around him. He is a Leyden jar always charged to a plenum; and whenever he comes in contact with dead things, or lifeless men, he emits a spark so potent that they are electrized into celerity. Holding punctuality among the major virtues, he is ever true to the appointed place and hour; and as he goes and comes, men set their watches by him, as though he were a clock-face of the sun, and moved by solar machinery. In selecting his vocation for a livelihood, he abjures every occupation, and every profession, however lucrative they may be, or however honorable they may be falsely deemed, if, with his own weal, they do not also promote the common weal; and he views the idea with a deep religious abhorrence, that anything can advance the *well*-being of himself which involves the *ill*-being of others. However meagre his stock in trade, if he engages in business, he will not seek to enlarge it by entering Conscience and Honor in his books under the head

of "Merchandise;" nor will he begin the sale of goods to customers, by selling his soul to Satan. If he ever ventures to embark on the perilous sea of politics, he steers his course by the eternal lights in the skies; and not by the Will-o'-the-wisps, or by any meteor glare, which popular fermentation, or party heats, may engender. He labors earnestly for all the means of health, comfort, and improvement, but scorns the parade and the ostentations of wealth; shuns pomp and poverty with equal solicitude; and, in a figurative, if not in a literal sense, he avoids those streets of our cities where cholera rages and fevers consume, and also those other streets of Fashion and Pride, where the prevailing epidemic is an ossification of the heart. Holding an affectation of saintliness to be the worst of wickedness, he does not, like Pilate, take water and wash his hands, when about to consummate a deed that blackens and defiles his soul. The locks and bolts and bars, by which men seek to secure their property, have no relation to him; for, the nearer he is brought into contact with another's goods or gold, the more he is filled with an opposite polarity; and a farthing, a mill, an infinitesimal, of another man's wealth, would burn his palms with so fierce a heat, that red-hot balls would be more tolerable. The honor of man is holy, the chas-

tity of woman is thrice holy, in his keeping. When he has acquired that golden mean of property which carries its possessor out of the temptations of want, without carrying him into the temptations of wealth; and which, as a patrimony for his children, will nourish and not blast the vigor that is in them, — he leaves the money-making treadmill, and betakes himself to some walk of public usefulness most congenial to his taste; — either to adorn literature by his genius, or to advance science by his studies, or to organize charities for supplying the privations of sense, or relieving the loss of sanity, or to combine and strengthen the conservative and progressive forces of civilization; or to combat, hand to hand, with some of those terrific monsters that infest society, — ignorance, bigotry, intemperance, slavery, or war, — which need some hunter mightier than Nimrod for their extirpation. Or, if he still continues to gather in the golden harvests of wealth, he opens a set of books with heaven, becoming the Lord's steward for men's redemption from suffering and crime, and laying up his treasures where moth, nor rust, nor thieves can approach them. He is so passionate a lover of the Fine Arts, that he discovers diviner forms of beauty, and more celestial harmonies of coloring, than mortal sculptor or painter ever dreamed of. Not a

cultured imagination alone, but reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him that the finest and most elegant of all the arts, earthly or supernal, is to paint smiles and ruby joys upon the wan cheek of suffering infancy; to quench the demon-fire of passion that blazes from the eye of precocious wantonness, and kindle in its stead the serene light that radiates from a fount of inward purity; to hang round and preöccupy the chambers of the juvenile mind with all types and images of loveliness and excellence, and to build up all the glorious faculties of the soul, as in colossal architecture, to some nearer resemblance to the Divine Original. Reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him, that he who crowds the walls of his own dwelling, or the city's ampler galleries, with the painting and statuary of all the great masters, while orphanage sinks to ruin around him, in default of Christian care, and while all the hideous images of depravity and shame are daily and hourly *frescoed* into the souls of lost, abandoned childhood, only proves with what daubs and impostures and caricatures the walls of every mansion in his own soul are covered. Reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him, that when the starving babe shall no longer wail for sustenance upon the starving mother's breast; when blasphemy and obscenity shall

no longer be the lullaby with which the intemperate father or mother lulls infancy to sleep; when parental wickedness shall no longer teach falsehood to the youthful tongue, and theft and violence to the youthful hand; when the infinite woes and agonies of earth, *which its superfluous wealth and its wasted time might so easily prevent*, shall cease to be,—then may opulence and taste and leisure devote their time and means to galleries of art, and saloons of music, and halls of dancing and festivity, *without enormous guilt.* And while hypocrisy and pharisaical pride are infinitely loathsome to the young man of a true heart, yet he rejoices to be known, at all times and everywhere, as a religious man; for, not less in the marts of business and the hilarities of social intercourse, than in the sanctuary or on the death-bed, he feels how infinitely unmanly it is to be ashamed of the noblest and divinest attribute in all his nature. And when, in the fulness of patriarchal years, crowned with clustering honors, and covered with the Beatitudes, as with a garment, he brings his heroic life to a triumphant close, the celestial light that bursts from the opened and welcoming gates of heaven, breaking upon his upturned countenance, is reflected into the paths of all surviving men; and the wings of his

spirit, as it ascends, fan the earth with odors from the Upper Paradise.

The Germans and French have a beautiful phrase, which would enrich any language that should adopt it. They say, "*To orient;*" or, "*to orient one's self.*"

When a traveller arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night, or by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is the East, or Orient. Forthwith all the cardinal points,—east, west, north, south,—take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or the pole-star in the wrong quarter of the heavens. *He orients himself.*

When commanders of armies approach each other for the battle, on which the fate of empires may depend, each learns the localities of the ground,—how best he can intrench his front or cover his flank, how best he can make a sally or repel an assault. *He orients himself.*

When a statesman revolves some mighty scheme of administrative policy, so vast as to comprehend surrounding nations and later times in its ample scope, he takes an inventory of his resources, he adapts means to ends, he adjusts plans and movements so that one shall not counterwork another, and he marshals the whole series of affairs for producing the grand result. *He orients himself.*

Young Man! open your heart before me for one moment, and let me write upon it these parting words. The gracious God has just called you into being; and, during the few days you have lived, the greatest lesson you have learned is, that you shall never die. All around your body the earth lies open and free, and you can go where you will. All around your spirit, the universe lies open and free, and you can go where you will. *Orient yourself!* ORIENT YOURSELF! Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures, if you will; expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys; but know, their end is intellectual imbecility, and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or emparadise the heart! Obey, if you will, the law of the baser passions, — appetite, pride, selfishness, — but know, they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions, that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies! But study and obey the sublime laws on which the frame of nature was constructed; study and obey the sublimer laws on which the soul of man was formed; and the fulness of the power and the wisdom and the blessedness, with which God has filled and lighted up this resplendent universe, shall all be yours!

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